

THE BEE

WASHINGTON

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King Of The Forest

THE LAST ELECTION.

Something in It for the Negro, Says Mr. Cunningham.

Editor The Bee: Well, last Tuesday, Nov. 8, was a day that some of the American citizens will never forget. It seems to have been some kind of a housecleaning day among the boys who have had their day and whose political sun is fast setting. It is said that when the African lion roars, his terrific voice swells over hill and valley, filling a circle six miles in diameter, and that every living thing within the circle, whether man or beast, trembles at the sound. Everything gets to its den or hiding place, for the king of the forest has spoken.

But there is something more fearful even than this. When the people of this country speak the boss politicians and would-be kings and potentates tremble at the sound! Some of the politicians took to their dens early Tuesday evening, the 8th inst., after they had heard the terrific voice of the people, and they haven't been seen or heard from since. Somebody said—and, if my memory serves me right, it was the far-seeing, distinguished editor of this paper, Mr. W. Calvin Chase—that the Republicans would win throughout the entire country, and that all was over but the shouting. But we are sorry, very sorry, indeed, Brother Chase, that you will have to come back before the footlights of your great audience and make a humble confession that all is over now but the weeping and wailing!

But we shall say more about this terrible political storm later on, when we catch our breath. There is something in the future political game for the Negro if he only has sense enough to grasp it.—J. C. Cunningham.

Trip to Virginia.

Mrs. Julia Mason Layton has just returned from a most pleasant trip among the hills of old Virginia. First she stopped at Warrenton; was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. Madison and their lovely and accomplished family. Mr. Madison is one of the most highly respected citizens of that town. He has been for years the banner of that community. His sons are engaged with him in his lucrative trade. He owns a fine two-room residence, up to date in every particular, spacious grounds, etc., besides other property in the town. One of his daughters, Miss Dora, is one of the finest teachers in Fauquier County.

On Thursday night she lectured to a packed house at the First Baptist Church. Rev. Champ is pastor. He is an energetic, up-to-date, progressive young preacher—is keeping his folks to the foremost ranks in every particular. Mr. Jas. Doran, one of the officers of this beautiful church (which is on the order of John Wesley A. M. E. Z. Church of this city), is a retired merchant. He married Miss Annie Queen, of Washington, D. C. He is a heavy property owner in this prosperous town. Mrs. Layton visited the schools taught by Mr. Green, principal, Miss Madison and Miss Ruffin and found them in good condition.

On Monday Mrs. Layton left for Roanoke, Va. She was met at Lynchburg. She was joined by Prof. Diggs, President of the Lynchburg Seminary. They were met at the depot by Rev. Burks, pastor of the High Street Baptist Church, with his spirit horse and carriage. Mrs. Layton while in Roanoke was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Hawkins, 15 High street.

At dinner that day these estimable folks also entertained Rev. Burks, Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Jennings. At night Mrs. Layton lectured to a very appreciative and intelligent audience in the High Street Church in the interest of the Lynchburg Seminary. Quite a number of friends and the pastor of the First Baptist Church of Salem, Va., came up that evening also.

On Tuesday afternoon Miss Hawkins had issued cards for an "At home from 4 to 6 o'clock to meet Mrs. Layton." About 75 or 100 of the leading ladies of Roanoke enjoyed the hospitality of that charming hostess, Mrs. Hawkins. The table was laden with the delicacies of the season. Mr. Hawkins is as charming a host as his good companion is a hostess.

They have two large school buildings, spacious grounds and well-equipped teachers, about 30 in all. The two principals, Profs. Harth and Ferguson, have everything in first-class working order. Miss Lucy Addison, formerly of this city, is one of the leading teachers and has secured some very valuable property since her stay in that city.

The colored people are enterprising, exhibit a deal of race pride, employ their own doctors, lawyers, undertakers, etc., and patronize their own stores. There are several colored men who own between \$50,000 and \$75,000 worth of real estate, and live in \$10,000 houses. There are 11 handsome churches, one A. M. E., one M. E., of which Rev. Perkins (who used to be at Mt. Zion) is pastor; one Presbyterian, and eight Baptists. Rev. Burks and Rev. Brown both pastor very large and beautiful churches. All of the churches have pastors who are credit to the race.

In the very near future Mrs. Layton is to return to Roanoke, and from there go to Salem. She spoke at Rev. Brown's church on Tuesday night to an immense audience. On her way back home she stopped over in Lynchburg for five hours. She was met by Rev. F. Morris, went sightseeing,

dined, and left for home about 6 o'clock.

Open Letter to the President.

To the President: I want to say to you, Mr. President, that it is time for you to drop your Southern policy, and all other policies that do not tend to recognize all Americans alike. The recent election ought to convince you that the Democratic party will continue to be the Democratic party, no matter what you do for it.

Believe me, Mr. President, when I say that you have not a friend in your party that agrees with you. You cannot expect anything from your Democratic office holders. Many of them don't believe in the colored Americans, and have so declared themselves.

Now, if it was the object of many of your Republican managers to drive the colored Americans out of the Republican party, they succeeded, as the last election demonstrated. I regret to say that the colored voters in States where the colored vote is strong voted the Democratic ticket.

I want to know, Mr. President, if you intend to change your policy? The colored voter wants to know. I have nothing to hide. I am telling you that the dissatisfaction among the colored voters is strong. Many of them have left the Republican party for good. I am a constant supporter of the principles of the Republican party and your administration, and I am of the opinion that your legal advisers are deceiving you.

Let us reason together, Mr. President, and see what has been gained by your Southern policy. Every colored officer in the South, with but one or two exceptions, has been removed. The colored voter has been eliminated from politics. The Democratic and the Lily-white Republicans have control of the offices in the South. The only Southern State that elected a Governor was Tennessee on a fusion ticket. I don't regard it as a Republican victory.

Now, what have you gained by your appointment of Southern Democrats to office and the removal of colored Republicans? I am confident, Mr. President, that you are inclined to treat colored Americans fairly, but your advisors will not permit you. You must act yourself and see that the other members of your Cabinet act. I have no faith in your Secretary of War. He has but little use for colored Americans, and colored Americans have less for him.

The colored voter has been faithful, true and just, Mr. President. You are aware there are times when one's patience ceases to be a virtue. Now is the time with the colored American. He has become dissatisfied, and he will remain so until there is a change. Never in the history of the Republican party has it ever received such a crushing defeat.

The country, it is true, Mr. President, has progressed under Republican rule. The Republican party has made a history for itself, and I sincerely hope that you will be able to restore it back to its place in the history where it is recorded as the greatest party upon the globe. I know that you can do it. Will you? Let the country see, Mr. President, that you intend to redeem the pledges of the party, and until then believe me to be sincerely yours,

THE EDITOR.

Mr. Dancy's Eloquent Appeal. The Chambersburg (Pa.) Repository, in speaking of the meeting of colored Republicans held there, speaks of ex-Recorder J. C. Dancy, of this city, as follows:

"Chairman Norris then introduced a leader of his race, Hon. John C. Dancy, former Recorder of the District of Columbia.

"Mr. Dancy is a fine looking man, an easy, graceful and most eloquent talker. He proved the good faith of the Republican party to the Negro by telling of his four terms of office by appointment from Republican Presidents. He went back into the history of his race, back into slavery days, and graphically recited the fight which ended in Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, the work of Republicans. The Democratic party objects to everything the Republican party does, but when it had the chance corrected nothing. It promises everything, but does nothing.

"Mr. Dancy is an educated gentleman, an observer, a man who knows political history and politics, and next possibly, to Gen. T. J. Stewart, made the best political speech heard here this campaign.

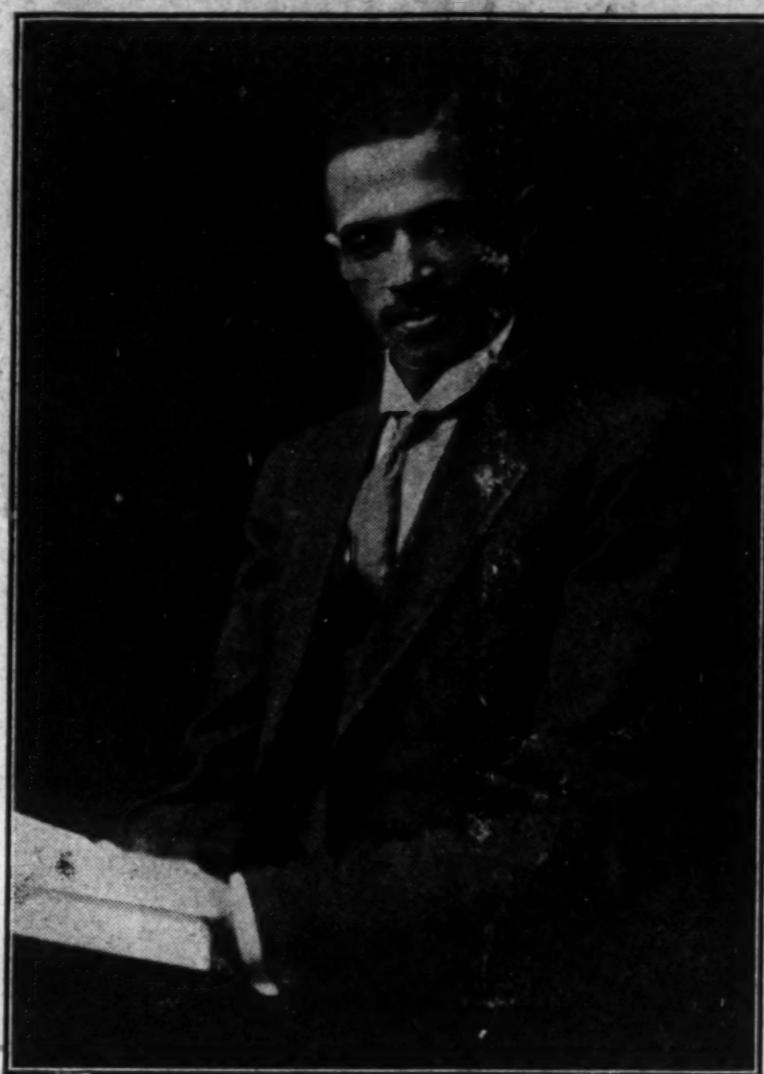
"I am for the Republican party because it was and is for me. It made it possible for us to be here," he said amid wildly enthusiastic applause.

"Mr. Dancy is a personal acquaintance of Mr. Tener, and spoke highly of him as a strong, honest man and a friend of the colored race. He quoted a recent interview with Gov. Stuart, who predicted to him that Pennsylvania would, on Nov. 8, be 'All right' for the Republican ticket.

"Just before 10 p. m. he closed with a peroration which made them yell and cheer."

Dr. Walter H. Brooks Remembered.

Miss Nannie H. Burroughs delivered a most touching and eloquent speech at the Nineteenth Street Baptist Church last Sunday morning, when, on behalf of that old historic church, she presented the distinguished pastor an anniversary purse. Dr. Brooks was too overcome to make a response. He has served the church 28 years, and is dearly loved by the large membership. Long may he live.



Dr. James E. Shepard, President of the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C., in Whose Interest Judge Pritchard Will Tour the North.

WILL NOT STAND

SPLIT IN THE ELKS.

Will Not Stand by the Compact

For some time there has been brewing in both organizations of Elks in this city. Last summer, it will be remembered, that both Grand Bodies came together and decided to live in peace and happiness. The love feast didn't last any longer than after the election of new Grand Officers. One of the lodges was hoisted into the consolidation. It soon discovered that it, which was the greater lodge, had been swallowed up by the smaller lodge. The smaller Grand Body had better glib talkers than the other. There seems to have been better politicians in the smaller lodge.

Attorney John W. Patterson stood singly and alone against the consolidation, but he was outvoted, which now results in another split. Preparations are now being made to divide again, and the crisis may come at any time. Hundreds of new members have joined the forces of the proposed split body, and when the word is given, hundreds of Elks in this city will declare themselves against the consolidation.

Sincerely yours,

THE EDITOR.

MECHANIC'S SAVINGS BANK.

Thousands of Dollars Stacked Up to Hand Out to Timid Depositors.

The Mechanic's Savings Bank of Richmond, Va., of which Editor John Mitchell, Jr., is president, is in the best financial condition. When Chief Griffin, of the True Reformers, arrived in the city about two or three weeks ago he stated to a representative of The Bee that the Mechanic's Savings Bank of Richmond, Va., had a run on it, and it was unable to meet the demands of the depositors. The cause for this, said Chief Griffin, was the criticism made by Editor John Mitchell, Jr., in his paper, The Planet. The Bee, on the statement of Chief Griffin, published what is stated above. Information has reached this office to the effect that there has been no run on the Mechanic's Savings Bank of Richmond, Va.; if there had been, the bank had sufficient funds in its possession to over-pay any and all depositors who may make demand. Just why Chief Griffin should make such a statement, if it is false, The Bee would like for him to explain. The bank, The Bee is informed, has more money in its possession than there is demand for, and a great deal more than it has demand for after paying every depositor who may make a demand for his money.

The Bee has the highest respect for Chief Griffin and the most implicit confidence in President John Mitchell, who has won his way up in the financial world by hard labor and diligent industry.

It is not the intention of The Bee to do any harm to the Mechanic's Savings Bank.

The statement in The Bee was made as a set off to anything that may have been said by President Mitchell against the True Reformers' Bank of Richmond, which has recently closed its doors.

It is to be regretted that the Reformers' bank was forced to close, and

The Bee is gratified to know that the Mechanic's Bank of Richmond, Va., is in a flourishing and healthy condition.

The bank guarantees to the depositor the proper use of their money, and concludes by making the following

There has never been a run on the bank, and if there ever should be the bonded officers have enough money to meet all demands.

For a New Business High School.

Tuesday, Dec. 13, will be "Business High School Night" at the Bethel Literary Association, at which time Hon. R. R. Horner will deliver an address on the "Necessity of a new Business High School." Following Mr. Horner's paper prominent white and colored speakers will make rapid-fire comments on the topic of the evening.

The Business High School for our students is still located at the old Mott School, and has an enrollment of 120 students this year. George H. Murray, who is a graduate of Wood's New York Business School, is in charge, and these meetings are a part of his plan to arouse the interest of the people in the commercial high school idea. Mr. Murray has visited many prominent whites in his short incumbency and has aroused their interest in the school to such a point that they have promised their aid along practical lines, providing the colored people show a consistent desire to co-operate with them. In view of this fact, it is hoped that the citizens will spread the news of the meeting on Dec. 13, in order that the church may be filled to overflowing.

Two colored men were lynched near Montezuma, Ga., for the alleged murder of a white policeman. Are the racial relations improving, as has been said?

According to an exchange, the "Negro Roll of Dishonor" contains the following names: Tillman, Vardaman, Hoke Smith, Kitchen, Sims, Graves, Campbell, Bohannon and Foster.

A young colored man—Henry Foster, of the High School in Chicago—undertook to walk to Portland, Me. His object was to stop off at Boston where he wanted to see about entering Harvard to take up mechanical engineering. Such sacrifice is worthy of assistance.

Regina Crawford, the daughter of

slave parents, according to an exchange, is the first colored woman to enter the University of California.

United States Senator Alexander Stephen Clay, of Georgia, died last Sunday afternoon. He was 57 years of age, and for 14 years a member of the upper house of Congress. Much of his attention was given to the economic questions and postal questions. He was an able lawyer and a hard worker, and will be greatly missed from public service.

Although unusual precautions have been taken to prevent patients from escaping from the Government Hospital for the Insane, to have eluded the guards since Oct. 10, several of which are still at large. Dangerous men are said to be among the fugitives.

J. H. Grant, colored, owns a shoe store in Memphis, valued, it is said, at \$20,000. He is trying to establish a chain of stores in various Southern States.

In Columbus, Ohio, prisoners are being taught. John Berry, colored, an

alleged forger, from Cleveland, has been appointed teacher of penmanship in the penitentiary night school.

They are made up of 400 prisoners out of the 1,400 who applied. Those who attend are not locked in their cells until two hours after the rest of the convicts.

Twice as many people are dying of

heart disease in New York, in proportion to the population, compared with 33 years ago. And it is the third greatest cause of death, asserts a United States doctor. This is due to high living, it is said.

Nearly 100,000 barrels of flour were shipped from Seattle and Tacoma to the Orient during October.

The Southern University of New Orleans, which is for colored students, will be retained, after a hard fight.

The bill for its removal was defeated.

The proposition to establish separate schools for colored people in New Mexico is being bitterly fought in the Constitutional Convention. It will be decided in about two weeks.

William Thaw, 3d, of Pittsburg, Whigham of Harry Thaw, will be married to Miss Gladys Bradley Dec. 1. Thaw gave his age as 33; his occupation as retired. The bride-to-be is 21 years.

Mrs. Nellie Archibald, the first woman who has ever held a public office in Wisconsin, has been elected treasurer of Ashland County. She defeated two men.

Mr. E. H. R. Green, Mrs. Hetty Green's son, came all the way from New York to Dallas to vote the Democratic ticket for the first time in his life. He has always been a Republican, and for several years a party leader in Texas.

John Philip Sousa, the bandmaster, who has been ill at a New Haven hospital, suffering from a slight attack of malarial fever, is recovering.

Hugh McIntosh writes from England that he will give \$30,000 for a fight between Jack Johnson and Sam Langford, to be decided in London or Paris, between now and next summer.

Johnson says he is going to cross the ocean, and will fight anybody on the other side if there is money enough in it for him.

Opposed to It.

The Howard Park Citizens Association met Monday night at the Church of Our Redeemer, 8th street northwest, Henry W. Baker presiding.

In the absence of the president, Rev. D. E. Wiseman.

The association went on record as

not favoring the proposed extension of Barry Place through the Howard University grounds, on account of the sharp turns at Georgia avenue and its varying widths. It favored, however,

the extension of W street west from Georgia avenue to 9th street, thus

breaking a block of about a third of a mile long.



Judge J. C. Pritchard, Who Will Tour the North in the Interest of the National Religious Training School at Durham, N. C.

PARAPHRATIC NEWS

(By Miss G. B. Maxfield.)

Mrs. Phoebe M. Palmer, 89 years of age, of Brookfield, N. Y., was pensioned by a special act of Congress. She is the daughter of Jonathan Wooley, who served in the Revolutionary War. She is the only one of the Revolutionaries remaining on the list.

The Alabama Penny Savings Bank, located in Montgomery, has during the eight months it has been in operation done a business of \$465,000, and the business is said to be growing every month.

When the high officials of the True Reformers were called on to state what they would sacrifice in order to save the organization, Mr. R. T. Hill stated he had made arrangements to yield up his property. Grand Master Holmes said he would do the same. Rev. Taylor stated that, while the Order had paid him nicely, he had rendered ample service for what he had received. He was willing to make a sacrifice, but would not give up everything.

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THOUGHTS IN DREAMS

Startling Rapidity With Which the Mind Works in Sleep.

SOME STRANGE EXPERIENCES

The Events of a Whole Lifetime May Fly Past the Dreamer in a Few Moments—Quiescent Results of a Dream Experiment by a Noted Psychologist.

A characteristic of dreams which, as the rather materialistic Dr. Clarke says, "hints at a life that has neither beginning nor end and is bounded by no limits which human thoughts can compass" is the rapidity with which events happen in the dream world. Thus, when asleep and dreaming, we live an entire lifetime in a minute; in a space of time that is scarcely more than a second we pass through experiences that could not be duplicated in the objective sphere in hours, perhaps in years.

Count Lavalette relates that one night, when imprisoned and under sentence of death, he dreamed that he stood for five hours at a Paris street corner, where he witnessed a continuous succession of harrowing scenes of blood, every one of which wrought his soul to the highest pitch of excitement. When he woke he found that he had been asleep less than two minutes.

In a more recent experiment, made expressly to test the truth of these theories, the subject was aroused from sleep by a few drops of water being sprinkled upon his forehead. It took but an instant to accomplish this result, and yet in that incalculable brief space of time the man dreamed of going on an excursion; of an accident by which he was plunged into a lake, and during the long struggle to escape death that followed all the experiences of his life seemed to flash before him, just as they are said to appear to a person who is actually drowning.

Dreams are tricksters. Professor Titchener of Cornell university told with gusto of his experience. As a specialist in psychology he interested himself in dreams. Like a true scientist, he once set about gathering data. He wanted to know what caused dreams, where they came from, what they meant, and all that. He determined to watch himself when he slept and to awake himself at once when he found himself dreaming something or value. So, with a notebook on a writing table near his bed, he forced himself to waken for several nights and to write down, while the dream impressions were vivid, his remembrances of the details and by a study of the room, the bed and his physical condition to attempt to arrive, at the possible causes of his dreams.

He was getting on famously. One night he had a particularly vivid dream. In accordance with his practice, he forced himself to awake and immediately write down clearly everything about it, then went back to sleep again. The next morning he awoke and was astounded to see that his note sheet was blank. He remembered positively the notes he had set down thereon in the middle of the preceding night. The next night again he wrote down his notes after his dreams, only to have the same uncanny sensation the next morning at finding nothing recorded.

The strange circumstances set him to pondering. That night he impressed upon his mind before dropping off into slumber that he must awaken with his first dream, or, if not with that, with his second dream. Subsequently this strong anteesleeping command delivered to himself was present all through his dream consciousness. When the first scenes of a vivid dream came before his fancy he felt himself awoken, and he set about writing down the facts upon the pad at his table.

It was then that from some source of inner consciousness he felt the command again to awake, although he seemed at the time to be in full possession of his normal faculties. His eyes opened, and the secret was out. He found himself lying in bed, where he had been all that night. His rising after each dream had become so much a routine that he had dreamed that he had arisen and had made the notes, and his dream was so clear that it seemed reality.—Outing Magazine.

Pat's Deficiencies.

Mrs. McCarthy's husband went out in a boat alone. The boat overturned, and he was drowned. A friend met her some weeks later.

"I hear," said he, "that Pat left you very well off—that he left you \$20,000."

"True," said Mrs. McCarthy; "he did."

"How was that?" asked her friend. "Pat could not read or write, could he?"

"No," said Mrs. McCarthy, "nor swim."—New York Press.

Good Reason Why.

The Woman Hater—Can you explain why it is that a woman hardly ever thanks a man for giving her his seat in a street car? The Man Hater—Finally, sir! It's because she hardly ever gets the chance.—Brooklyn Life.

Almost Got It.

"Is there any difference in the meaning of the words 'nautical' and 'marine?'" asked Mr. Malaprop.

"Not much," replied Mrs. Malaprop. "One is a cinnamon of the other."—Chicago Record-Herald.

True dignity is never gained by place and never lost when honor is withdrawn.—Massinger.

LATHAM'S HOME RUN.

And How It Figured in Having Him Dubbed "the Dude," as Told by Charley Comiskey.

Charley Comiskey told the story of how Arlie Latham came to be called "the dude."

"One spring during Latham's term of service with the good old St. Louis Browns," said Comiskey, "he jumped into the opening game of the season and won us a victory by knocking out a home run in the last inning. Chris von der Ahe from his place in the grand stand saw Arlie make his sensational hit and naturally enthused. After the game 'der boss president' entered the clubhouse and in that peculiar dialect of his said to Latham:

"'Arlie, my boy, you must be glad that I, Chris, was proud mit you, an' I will show you wat my feelings is by giving you the present of somethings for you to wear on yourself. Take dis order on mine own tailor an' go an' dress up yourself.'"

"Chris' order on the tailor read something like this:

"'Give to Arlie der t'lings wat he buys, an' send to me der bill.'

"Latham didn't do a thing on the strength of that order but replenish his wardrobe. For three days in succession he showed up at the ball park in a fine makeup, and every suit of clothes was brand new. On the fourth day Chris got a bill from the clothing people for \$100. Naturally he sent for Latham and demanded an explanation.

"'Why, Chris, old pal,' said 'Lath,' 'there's nothing to explain. Didn't you agree in that order you gave me to pay for what I bought, and haven't I just begun to buy?' Why, old pal, I have only got three suits and expect to be measured for another this afternoon. What's wrong?'

"'Arlie,' replied Von der Ahe, 'you vas de one inferior dude in de pineys. I will dis bill pay, but you will yourself go to der tailor an' mit him explain wat I think of der impudence of you yourself. You will also stop mit de clothes you now have on an' do no more mit such foolishness mit der man wat pays your salary. Arlie, you was one dude, an' if you play mit any errors dis afternoon I will myself fine you all der bootiful clothes you have yourself bought.'

"From that day Latham became known to the baseball world as 'the dude.'

A Curious Structure.

On the road from Clifton down to Avonmouth the traveler will pass, in the Avon gorge, a curious structure to which a singular attachment is attached, relates the London Tatler. The story is that a person named Cook about a century ago was told by a gypsy in the Leigh woods that his only son would be killed by a serpent before he reached the age of twenty-one. To avert this he built a high tower and shut his son in the topmost room with the intention of secluding him there until the fatal age was passed. However, by accident a viper was taken up in a fagot to the room to light the fire, and it crept from the fagot and bit the boy so that he died. Therefore the tower was called Cook's Folly, and that is its name to this day, whatever is the true explanation.

An Ignoble Use.

Washington Irving in "Crayon Papers" says: "I was once at an evening entertainment given by the Duke of Wellington at Apsley House to William IV. The duke had manifested his admiration of his great adversary, Napoleon, by having portraits of him in different parts of the house. At the bottom of the grand staircase stood the colossal statue of the emperor by Canova. It was of marble in the antique style, with one arm partly extended, holding a figure of Victory. Over this arm the ladies in tripping upstairs to the ball had thrown their shawls. It was a singular office for the statue of Napoleon to perform in the mansion of the Duke of Wellington!

Imperial Caesar, dead and turned to clay etc.

The Elder That Swore.

An elder of the kirk, having found a little boy and his sister playing marbles on Sunday, put his reproof in this form, not a judicious one for a child: "Boy, do you know where children go who play marbles on Sabbath day?"

"Ay," said the boy. "They gang down to the field by the water below the brig."

"No," roared out the elder: "they go to hell and are burned."

The little fellow, really shocked, called to his sister: "Come awa', Jeannie. Here's a man swearing awfully."—"Reminiscences of Dean Ramsay."

Hats as Aids to Matrimony.

The wise woman is as careful about the choice of a hat as she is about the choice of a husband." The celebrated author who uttered this dictum may have exaggerated a little, but not much. And allow me, a woman, to tell you solemn men whom I see sneering at the "frivolity" of my sex that often the cleverest among you chooses a wife for no better reason than that the woman thus selected has herself chosen a becoming hat!—Mme. G. De Broutelles in Grand Magazine.

Seeking Relief.

Darby (boarding a train)—I heard 'bout your wife dyin', Jim. Whar yo' gwine now?

"T's off to join de Mormons. Hit keeps one woman hustlin' too much to support a heavy satah lak me."—Life.

To speak or write Nature did not peremptorily order these; but to work, she did.—Carlyle.

LEE AT APPOMATTOX.

One of the Most Notable Scenes in the History of the War—The Parting of Comrades.

Men who saw the defeated general when he came forth from the chamber where he had signed the articles of capitulation say that he paused a moment as his eyes rested once more on the Virginia hills, smote his hands together as though in some excess of inward agony, then mounted his gray horse, Traveller, and rode calmly away.

If that was the very Gethsemane of his trials, yet he must have had then one moment of supreme, if chastened, joy. As he rode quietly down the lane leading from the scene of capitulation he passed into view of his men—of such as remained of them. The news of the surrender had got abroad, and they were waiting, grief stricken and dejected, upon the hill-sides when they caught sight of their old commander on the gray horse. Then occurred one of the most notable scenes in the history of the war. In an instant they were about him, bare-headed, with tear wet faces, thronging him, kissing his hand, his boots, his saddle; weeping, cheering him amid their tears, shouting his name to the very skies. He said: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done my best for you. My heart is too full to say more."—From "Robert E. Lee, the Southerner."

ERROR MEANT DEATH.

Typesetters and Proofreaders on Chinese Paper Careful.

China, with all its vast population, boasts not quite two dozen daily papers, but among them are the two oldest papers in the world. The Kin Pan used to be considered by Europeans the oldest paper, but it has been issued a mere thousand years. The Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, was first published 560 years before the Norman conquest and has been issued without intermission for nearly 1,400 years. The Tsing Pao has the appearance of a yellow backed magazine of twenty-four octavo pages, each page containing seven columns, consisting of seven "characters."

Two editions are published—an edition de luxe for the court and the upper classes at a cost of 24 cents a month, and an edition inferior in paper and printing, costing 16 cents a month. It has a circulation of about 10,000 and is really the principal paper of China, chronicling the movements of the emperor and of the court and printing the ministerial reports. It is probably the most exact newspaper in the world. The punishment for an error in printing was until recently, at least, instant death.—New York Times.

Old London Cookshops.

Medieval London, besides being a "city of taverns," was famous for its cookshops, such as the place on the river bank described by Flitstephen in the thirteenth century: "There every day ye may call for any dish of meat, roast, fried or sodden, fish both small and great, venison and fowl. If friends come upon a sudden wearied with travel to a citizen's house and they be loath to wait for curious preparations and dressings of fresh meat let the servant run to the water side, where all things that can be desired are at hand." This particular place of public cookery apparently did an indoor as well as an outdoor trade, for Flitstephen further described it as being used both day and night by "multitudes of soldiers or other strangers who refresh themselves to their content on roast goose, the fowl of Africa and the rare gadgit of Iona." But what were the two last mentioned viands?—London Chronicle.

Sickroom Mirrors.

"Only a hand mirror should find place in a sickroom," said a doctor, "and it should be one flattering to the patient—the kind, for instance, which if the face is too broad will lengthen it a little. And the patient should only be allowed to look in the mirror at propitious times. Many a patient has been frightened literally to death by his haggard reflection—has looked, signed and renounced hope. But many another patient in a really bad way—really desperate, too—being given a look at himself just after he has taken a stimulant has bucked up wonderfully. In fact, a sickroom mirror wisely banded is a curative agent, while recklessly handled it may kill."

His Usual Way.

The new waitress sidled up to a dapper young man at the breakfast table, who, after glancing at the bill, opened his mouth, and noise issued forth that sounded like the ripping off of all the cogs on one of the wheels in the power house. The new waitress made her escape to the kitchen. "Follow out there insulted me," she said. The head waiter looked at him. "I'll get it," he said. "That's just the train caller ordering his breakfast"—Argonaut.

Improved.

"How do you like your alarm clock?" asked the jeweler.

"First rate."

"You didn't seem pleased with it at first."

"No, but it's broken now."—Tit-Bits.

Warm.

"The spirit of your husband wishes to speak with you, madam."

"What does he say?"

"He says that he doesn't have to dress in a cold room."—Bohemian.

Crushed Again.

Mrs. Denham—Do you think that I shall be a good looking old woman? Denham—I don't know why you should expect any such radical change.—New York Press.



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THE BEE

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THE COLORED TEACHER.

It is hoped that the Board of Education will do all in its power to have the teachers' pension bill to become a law. There are no teachers in the United States who suffer more than the colored teachers in the colored schools of this city. What is needed, as The Bee stated some time ago, is a man at the head of the colored schools who is in touch with the teachers and other officers of the colored schools. Conditions are of such a nature in the colored schools that teachers seem to die of nervous prostration. Why is this? It is because of the conditions in the colored schools. There is a great need for the teachers' pension bill. The Bee ventures the assertion, if it were possible for the bill to become a law, three-fourths of the teachers in the colored public schools would take advantage of the bill under existing conditions. The Bee is in a position to know the feeling of the teachers in the public schools. If the Board of Education would poll the vote of the teachers as to their choice for superintendent, the contest would be between Prof. Montgomery and Mr. James Jackson. Of course, Prof. Montgomery is a favorite with the teachers. There is no man in the public schools better loved or appreciated than Prof. Montgomery. The Bee takes this opportunity of informing the Board of Education of the unrest among the colored teachers. If the Board doubts The Bee—and it cannot—make a change and see what a jubilation there will be, not only among the teachers, but among the citizens of this city. The Bee intends to demonstrate to the Board when Congress convenes the sentiment of the people.

Let the teachers' pension bill pass.

The people, that is the colored people, don't appreciate their teachers as much as the white people. What the colored citizens ought to do is to give the colored teachers' association a testimonial of a substantial character. Some few years ago the white teachers gave a fair at Convention Hall. Thousands of dollars were realized. Very soon after that the colored teachers held a fair, and, to the surprise of everybody, a little over a hundred dollars was realized.

It can be seen that the white people have a greater regard for their teachers than the colored people. We have some fine colored teachers in our schools who are manly and womanly enough to represent any kind of imposition. Then there are a few who are afraid to exercise their manhood. There is little redress for the cowardly teacher. It is quite necessary for many of them to show a few of the tyrants in the schools that they have rights that must be respected. The colored teachers are often compelled to appeal to the white members of the Board of Education for things that are necessary for their schools. Since such is a fact, why not place the colored schools under white management? It will certainly come to that. The people don't propose to see their schools leave them and their teachers ignored.

Let there be a change and let the pension bill pass.

RADICAL DEFEAT.

November 8th instant, the Republican party was defeated at the polls by the enemy of good government and universal liber-

ty. In the States of New York, New Jersey and Indiana, hundreds of colored men voted the Democratic ticket. Now that the colored brethren aided his enemy to control the House of Representatives, what will he gain? The colored voters throughout the country received their freedom and independence through the instrumentality of the Republican party, and that party has been rebuked by its supposed friends. It is true, that the administration has in its bosom traitors who have misled and deceived the President, and it is now hoped that President Taft will from this hour on appoint good and true Republicans to office and turn out the enemies of the party. The appointment of Democrats to office has not helped the Republican party in the least. Will the President continue with his present policy, which has demonstrated its folly? The Bee is here to advise you, Mr. President, to retrace your steps at once, and place on guard men who will restore the party to its former power. Faithful white and colored Republicans South have been supplanted by men who have shown their enmity to the party of Lincoln, Sumner and Grant.

The question now is what has been gained by restoring the Democratic party to power? The House of Representatives is Democratic, the Republican majority in the Senate has been reduced. The Democratic party has offered no encouragement to the colored Americans. "Let us see what we will see."

CHANGE IN THE SCHOOLS.

If Superintendent Stuart intends to resign from the superintendency of the schools, it is hoped that the Board of Education will not select an outside man. It is not necessary. Why not appoint Mr. Percy Hughes? He would make a good superintendent. He is the logical man for the place. We all know Mr. Hughes to be a man of ability and the man who would make a model school officer. He has the ability, and the people know him. With Mr. Hughes over the white schools and Mr. James Walker or Prof. Montgomery over the colored schools, The Bee is confident that we would have model schools throughout the District. Outside men give us too much trouble. It would seem to us that the appointment of Wm. E. Chancellor would be an everlasting lesson to the Board of Education. The colored schools must have a new head. They are in need of a new head, and it would be better for the Board to give us a new superintendent than to have Congress to interfere with our schools again.

Now, gentlemen, don't go on the outside. Mr. Hughes is an educated man and a gentleman who has the respect and confidence of the people. Why should the Board of Education go on the outside when we have good material at home?

DON'T BE DECEIVED.

It is hoped that President Taft will be no longer deceived by hypocritical white Republicans who seem to be more inimical toward colored Americans than many Democrats. The Government departments are full of white Republicans who are doing everything in their power to degenerate colored Americans. The President ought to know that his appointees are not recognizing the merits of colored men in any way. The Bee takes this opportunity of informing you, Mr. President, that the colored voter is crazy angry, and in the recent elections he boldly walked to the polls and voted the Democratic ticket. Do you want to know why? It was because the colored man has been abused and ignored, Mr. President, by your Republican and Democratic appointees. There are several of your appointees, Mr. President, who will have occasion to come up before you again for reappointment. Many of them have declared that they will not appoint colored men. Is it, then, to be expected for the colored voters to continue to be the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water?" Don't be deceived, Mr. President, but act at once if you wish to save the party from defeat in 1912.

SCROGGINS' SPECIAL.

Will Scroggins' special left the city for Leesburg, Va., November 10, with a happy crowd on board. While the crowd was a jolly one, many of the old boys failed to show up. The Bee failed to see that old familiar and smiling face of Jim Jackson at the genial Dades Wash. Wood at Gray's

Not even Lord Chesterfield Gaskins was present. He is always in a happy mood, and he is always good company. Old sober-side Wash had other fish to fry. Just why Jim Jackson failed to show up, he will be called on to explain. There must have been some trick practiced on Scroggins. It is said that Jim Gray had the crowd boxed on the morning of the 10th. However, Jim knows how to do a thing when he takes a notion. The special arrived at Leesburg in time for the dance. Everybody had a good time. Will informed The Bee at Leesburg that his next special would start some time before or after Christmas. Christmas in the country is not like a city Christmas. Look out for it.

Some few days ago there appeared in one of the local papers a statement to the effect that a recommendation would be made to introduce industrial education in the colored schools. The Bee would like to know what good will there be for the Armstrong Manual Training School? The Bee was under the impression that the Armstrong Manual Training School taught all the industrial training that was necessary. What does this school teach? Sewing, millinery, carpentry, engineering, and everything else that will tend to make a man or a woman a livelihood. Just what this college superintendent is trying to get through the heads of the people The Bee is unable to state. Perhaps he wants to pull some more wool over the eyes of the Board of Education. Superintendent Stuart knows just what the colored schools have and he is aware that they don't want to be burdened with any more imaginary industrial fancies.

SUPERINTENDENT STUART

The Bee would like to see Superintendent Stuart reappointed because he is an honest man and on the order of Prof. Montgomery, for whom the colored schools have the highest respect. If Mr. Stuart will not accept the place, no better man could be appointed than Mr. Percy Hughes. The colored schools, no matter who is appointed, would like to have as their superintendent either Mr. James Walker or Prof. Montgomery. We have great faith in the Board of Education, and believe that the Board will no longer impose a burden upon the colored people, teachers and children in this city. The Bee has endeavored to convince and show the Board of Education the importance of a change in the colored schools.

1912.

The recent defeat of the Republican party has intoxicated the Democratic party to such an extent that the Republicans must get a move on themselves to prepare their fences for the 1912 Presidential campaign. It is now in the power of the President to so construct his broken fences as to give encouragement to his party to make it work for victory. Now, what must Mr. Taft do? He must eliminate his present policy towards the colored Americans in the South, and take the bull by the horns and replant his political pegs to enable his party workers to hew to the line. Rayner, of Maryland, is enthusiastic; Bryan sees nothing but victory. The Bee is not inclined to the belief that the Republican party will pass out of existence.

CHRISTIANITY.

If white people believe in Christianity or the Christian religion, why is it that they wish to discriminate against the colored people who worship the same God? The most shocking incident that has ever taken place was at the time when the so-called white Christians objected to the colored Sunday schools parading in the same procession in which they paraded a year ago. Two weeks ago the white Catholics had a parade and they invited all colored voters to continue to be the "hewers of wood and the drawers of water?" Don't be deceived, Mr. President, but act at once if you wish to save the party from defeat in 1912.

HIS TRAVELS ABROAD.

There will appear in this paper six articles especially written for The Bee by Dr. Booker T. Washington of his travels and what he saw. These articles will be six in number, and those who want to take advantage of the articles should send for The Bee at once. Dr. Washington, as the world knows, is one of the smoothest

writers in the world; a philosophical reasoner. Don't fail to read these articles. They will appear in no other paper. The cost of making this trip and securing the material has been considerable. Send for The Bee now.

JUDGE PRITCHARD.

The Bee is more than pleased to know that Judge J. C. Pritchard, of North Carolina, will make a tour of the Northern States in the interest of the National Religious Training School, of which Dr. J. E. Shepard is president. We congratulate Dr. Shepard on having such an able and well known Southerner to espouse the wants of his school, and tell the Northern people of its merits. The Bee hopes that the Northern people will make a liberal re-

Public Men And Things

(By the Sage of the Potomac.)

The Hampton Night at Bethel Literary Society is being much discussed, both by the "soilers," those exponents of industrial education, and the "high-brows"—those erstwhile followers of the Niagara Movement, but now classified as members of the New Forward Movement. If this alleged New Forward Movement pulls up at the finish as badly punctured as the New Nationalism foisted on an unsuspecting public by the strenuous Theodore, there will be nothing to it.

And speaking about this New Forward Movement, at the head of which stands Prof. DuBois, and with which I am in hearty accord, I have read the first issue of his organ, *The Crisis*. To say that I was disappointed is putting a fact in a sugar-coated pill. It is next to nothing. *The Crisis*, typographically and from literary viewpoint, had it beat to a frazzle, and there was more virility about *The Horizon*. It would seem that with an array of talent that *The Crisis* has the first issue should have been a hummer. There is DuBois, Kelly Miller and Max Barber, all three good quill handlers, when it comes to editing articles for the press, and yet the first issue of *The Crisis* is a lamentable failure. At a dollar a year it is petty larceny to give a subscriber twelve issues of this, largely reprint, punk magazine. *The Crisis* looks like the organ of a New Backward Movement. Murray and Hershaw would have been ashamed to have issued a number of *The Horizon* so lacking in all that goes to make a magazine as the first issue of *The Crisis*.

Dr. Williston has a new buzz wagon, and in it he courses over and through the avenues and jack-o-lantern alleys like a streak of lightning. Doc must carry a heavy life insurance, or is an immune to accident, or he would not rival the speed of the Congressional Limited when it is being time.

God made the world and all things therein, seeing that He is Lord of heaven and earth. * * * * * And hath made of one blood all nations to dwell on the face of the earth.—Bible.

God created all men equal, of one blood all men were made. Yet the whites judge all inferior who are of a darker shade. Just one drop of life's red fluid traced from Ethiopia's strand, Makes you as an unclean being—taints you with the "Jim Crow" brand. Matters not how pure, how noble; matters not how good, how true; If you're black, brown or mulatto, it's the "Jim Crow" brand for you. You may be as rich as John D. be as wise as Socrates, Crackers in the South will hail you, "Nigger, take the Jim Crow, please." Oh, yes, you can hire a special, if you are a man of means, Else it's one end of one front car crowded, packed in like sardines, While the lowest, dirtiest white folk ride the best cars everywhere. Yet you buy a first-class ticket, and you pay a first-class fare.

They tell me that this country is the land where justice dwelt; That all good folk go to heaven, and all bad folk go to hell; That the white folk are the models; that the black folk should imitate. If we'd imitate them fully our hearts would be filled with hate; And they say that love's the lever that pulls all mankind on high—if that's true, why, then, most black folk surely ought to reach the sky. If there is a prize for loving enemies who persecute, Then the Son of Ham will surely win that prize beyond dispute. Lynched and burned, Jim Crowed, downtrodden, thrust aside on every hand, We that boast of truth and justice, country, home and native land. Oh, we have friends by the hundred who would give all square deal, Else we'd all be ground to powder 'neath the Negro-hater's heel.

God created all men brothers; of one blood all men were made— And He knows by their color, creed, nor rank, nor wealth, nor grade. Hearts, pure hearts, and souls are counted ever precious in His sight; There's no line to bar good people, whether yellow, black or white. In that land there is real welcome for all who will enter in— There's no Jim Crow laws, no lynching, Negro-haters, death or sin. —James Conway Jackson.

HOBGOBLINS.

Race Question Still the "Boo-ga-Boo" of the South.

Equality Leads to Crime. Political equality of the races tends to encourage social equality, and social equality leads to disorder and crime.—Ex-Gov. E. E. Jackson, of Maryland.

Can Never Reach Level of Whites. No man, whether he is Washington or the concentrated embodiment of all the great men who ever lived, white or black, can by any imaginable process lead the Negro to the level of the white man.—Clark Howell, editor of the Atlanta Constitution.

Will Never Reach White Standard. It will take years to bring the Negro up to the highest standard, which will never be that of the white race. We propose to settle the race question in the only possible way—the complete separation of whites and Negroes.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

READ THE BEE.

dead that it had an odor of limburger cheese. But Garnet Wilkinson has resurrected it, and it is now the best ever. Mrs. Clifford shares part of the honor for this twentieth century resurrection, for she has been untiring, constant, and enthusiastic in her efforts to bring the moribund organization back to life. Let's help these two worthies to push it along.

I have got to be out of the city next week, so there will be no Public Men and Things in the next issue of The Bee. The following week, however, I will be right back on the job, and, as the minstrel press agent would say, with "new jokes and new songs." However, don't fail to get a copy of The Bee just the same, for Chase will have some startling, sensational stuff to take my place. And, besides, he needs the money. And any of you who have not paid up your subscription to The Bee, let me suggest that you feel around in your pocket for that legal tender that brightens Chase's eyes. Hand it over to him. Do it now.

My friend Vernon orated in New York; Lincoln Johnson (and, by the way, he's a clever fellow) irritated the air in West Virginia and New Jersey, and what was the result? Both States went hell-bent for Gov. Kent. Dancy didn't do a thing to Pennsylvania but reduce a Republican majority of 200,000 down to a measly 20,000.

I had a long talk with Nevill Thomas a few days ago, and he told me much about his trip abroad. One thing that has always puzzled me regarding Nevill's European trip is how he ever got the nerve to unloosen the string on his purse to remove sufficient coin to defray the expenses of that trip. You know, Nevill has never taken the 3rd degree as a spendthrift. In fact, he has never, as yet, been initiated in the Order of Jolly Spenders. Nevill, as a rule, holds on to dollar until age has matured it into two dollars. But he shows commendable sense in that, for he will be wearing \$1.08 shoes when some of his brother teachers will be "bare-footed boys at play." I asked Nevill if he brought many presents back, and little valuable bric-a-brac (it's pronounced "braw-braw," according to this globetrotter), and he gently advised me that the custom regulations were so strict now that he had to forego the pleasure. He did, however, admit that he brought himself back, and a line of talk on the *Passion Play*. I well remember when Nevill first came to Washington. He was then reputed to be a pastmaster in the Order of Save All for Self. Since then he has taken two or three degrees higher than the Order had. But, as I said before, he shows good sense. Summer never lasts the year through, and long, dry spells are followed by rainy weather, when a fellow needs an umbrella and gum shoes.

And, speaking about spendthrifts like Nevill Thomas, calls to mind Dr. Atwood, O. K. Doc. always had the knack of burying a dollar so deep that nothing short of 10 per cent could resurrect it. Now look at him. He has not worked for low these many years, yet continues to live well and smoke good cigars regularly. Some of the men who came along with him in the Department are paying to per cent, while he's receiving it.

Christian Endeavor.

The meetings of the Christian Endeavor Society of the Fifteenth Street Presbyterian Church continue to grow in interest and instructiveness. On last Sunday, Mr. Ennis Syphax brought to the meeting a paper which he had prepared for another meeting, but it proved a very timely discussion of the topic: "The War on the Saloon; Enlist." Mr. Syphax spoke of the relation of intoxicants to the Negro. How, in the districts of the South, cheap liquors are the cause of more crime than any other one cause. The attendance shows a large increase each Sunday. On next Sunday, November 20, the topic, "How does God want to be Thanked," will be discussed. The music committee is preparing special musical numbers for a grand rally and Endeavor Mass Meeting to be held on the fourth Sunday of this month (November 27). This committee, as well as the officers and members of the Endeavor Society, are sparing no pains to make this the banner meeting of the season, not alone among themselves, but among societies in general. All meetings are free and strangers especially are at all times welcome.

Athletic League.

The second meeting of the Public Schools' Athletic League was held in the M Street High School yesterday afternoon. The enthusiasm at the meeting knew no bounds. Many valuable suggestions for the success of the league were made by those present. Executive committee was elected as follows: J. C. Bruce, A. K. Savoy, Miss M. L. Jordan, H. C. Douglass and Benjamin Washington. As elected the executive committee represents the high schools and the elementary schools. Other committees were appointed as follows:

High School Games Committee—Miss A. J. Turner, chairman; G. D. Houston, S. E. Compton, G. Henry Murray, E. B. Henderson, J. L. Chestnut, A. P. Lewis.

Publicity and Printing Committee—J. Moria Saunders, chairman; B. C. Dodson, E. H. Lawson, J. O. Montgomery, Miss A. V. Shorter.

Finance Committee—G. S. Wormley, chairman; W. A. Hamilton, E. A. Clark, W. B. Hartgrove, R. B. Greene.

Each school has already started to form its own league, which will have officers like the one large league. A number of schools sent to the secretary their application for entrance.

At a meeting of the executive board immediately following the regular meeting of the league, it was decided that the executive committee co-operate with the Teachers' Benefit and Annuity Association and the Inter-Scholastic Athletic Association to conduct an indoor meet at Convention Hall some time in February or March. Such a monster meet for colored youths as has been proposed will be an entirely new project, and already it has met with favor among those having the promotion of athletics at heart.

J. M. S.



Get your drugs, medicines and toilet articles at the Board & McGuire Pharmacy 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. "The place where everybody meets everybody else."

Mrs. Lucretia Johnson, of 1207 T street northwest, entertained at dinner on Sunday Rev. Bullock, of Bluefield, W. Va.; Mrs. Fannie Washington, Miss Julia Mason Layton, Miss Hattie McIntosh and Mr. J. Wright. The table fairly groaned with the toothsome viands prepared by Mrs. Johnson. She is of the extreme old-time aristocracy and knows how to entertain. She is one of the leading women of the Vermont Avenue Baptist Church.

Mr. Daniel Murray, of this city, spent a few days in New York City last week.

Mr. Arthur E. Briscoe is visiting relatives and friends in New York City.

Mrs. Rosetta E. Lawson and Mrs. E. V. C. Williams spent a delightful visit to Baltimore, in attendance to the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Mr. William Reid, of this city, visited friends in Philadelphia, Pa., last week.

Mrs. Agnes Fentress, who was called to the bedside of her mother in Norfolk, Va., has returned to this city.

Mrs. Martha Thomas and Mrs. Malony are now in Jamestown, Va.

Among the Washingtonians at the Hotel Mount Vernon, Norfolk, Va., are Messrs. Andrew Neuman, R. E. Walker, W. C. Forrest, Charles Minor and W. N. Hazelton, Mrs. W. H. J. Malvin and Miss Mattie Thompson.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Johnson and their daughter have just returned from Martinsburg, W. Va.

Mr. Boyd was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Stewart during their visit to Philadelphia last week.

Mr. John C. Dancy delivered two lectures in Chambersburg, Pa., last week.

Dr. Romeo Johnson, of Freedman's Hospital, was a recent guest of his brothers in Zanesville, Ohio.

Mr. Sherman Hunnicutt was in Zanesville, Ohio, a few days last week.

Race post cards and colored dolls at Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest.

Mr. Charles Howard has returned to this city after a pleasant trip to Luray, Va.

Prince Hall Chapter, No. 12, O. E. S., gave a masquerade reception at True Reformers' Hall last evening, which was well patronized.

On Thursday evening, Nov. 11, Electa Chapter, No. 4, O. E. S., received the Grand Chapter in their beautiful room, Virginia Avenue Hall, southeast. An elaborate program was rendered by the Honored Ladies, consisting of solos, papers, duet and recitations. Refreshments were then served.

A large delegation of Honored Ladies and Sir Knights attended the sessions in Baltimore this week. O. E. S.

The students' dancing class had its grand opening in Room 10 on Saturday evening last, at which the attendance was large. Music was furnished by the Lyric Orchestra.

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Waters, Miss Ella Boston and Mr. Charles Sutton, of this city, are visiting friends in Savannah and Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. Frisby Batten returned to Harrisburg, Pa., last week.

Rev. W. H. Marshall, of Harrisburg, Pa., will spend his vacation in this city.

Prof. L. G. Gregory, of this city, was in Charleston, S. C., last week.

Dr. L. A. Cornish, of this city, made a business trip to Cincinnati, Ohio, last week.

Mr. Robt. Harlan and daughter, Mrs. Carry Curry, of this city, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Doll, in Cincinnati. They will remain until after Thanksgiving.

Miss Annie V. Lee, who spent the summer at Newport, R. I., is visiting her uncle, Mr. Thomas Lee, of Hammond street, Boston, Mass.

Miss Eva Blanch Gibson and Mr. James S. Thomas were united in marriage at high noon Wednesday at

the residence, 1404 Pierce Place. The wedding reception was held from 5 to 7:30 P. M. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas will be "at home" at 2111 Druid Hill avenue, Baltimore, on November 20, from 6:30 to 9:30 o'clock.

Gray and Gray's Pharmacy, 12th and U streets northwest, is recommended to those seeking a complete stock, low prices and courteous, expert service. Four registered pharmacists regularly employed.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Pickett have returned to this city after spending a pleasant stay with Mrs. Carter, 3424 Prairies avenue, Chicago.

Club No. 2, consisting of ladies of nine councils, gave an "at home" at the St. Luke home, 1924 13th street northwest, last evening. The affair was very successful.

Mr. Benj. Lewis, of this city, is now visiting Indianapolis, Ind.

Mrs. Barbara Walker has returned to Denver, Colo., after a pleasant stay of several months in this city with her daughter.

After the 5 and 10 cent theatre, between the acts, and at all hours, ice cream soda is now all the rage, especially that snappy, cold, pure, delicious kind that is served at the drug store of Board & McGuire, 1912 1-2 14th St. N. W. It is made right, served right, tastes right, and is right.

Miss Lucille Ackiss has returned to her home in Cambridge, Mass., after a pleasant stay of five months in this city.

Mrs. E. Bunton, of Yarmouth, N. S., will spend the winter in this city.

Mr. John Hollin has returned to this city after a very pleasant trip to Trenton, N. J., Philadelphia and Baltimore, Md., visiting relatives.

Mrs. Maggie L. Walker, R. W. G. Secretary and Treasurer of the I. O. of St. Luke, paid a flying visit to this city last Saturday evening, while en route from a business trip to New York City to her home in Richmond, Va.

Mr. W. Carl Boliver, of Philadelphia, paid this city a visit last Sunday. He was the guest of R. D. R. Venning.

Prof. Joseph, lately of the M Street High School, is engaged in church work in this diocese, under the personal direction of Bishop Harding.

Misses Virginia and Ola Williams, with their father, Rev. E. W. Williams, who have been East for several months returned to the city Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ella V. C. Williams and Mrs. Rosetta E. Lawson left the city last week to attend the women's convention, which has been in session in Baltimore, Md. They will return this evening.

For reliable prescription work, go to Gray and Gray's Drug Store, 12th and U streets northwest, and have the protection of four registered pharmacists and free delivery service to all parts of the city.

Mr. Robert A. Blackwell, of Boston, and little John Williams were the guests of Dr. Cabanis, Mrs. Cabanis and Miss Elizabeth Tancil last Friday evening. An evening of pleasure was enjoyed by all.

There will be an entertainment given by the Gregory Willis Hayes Council, I. O. of St. Lukes, No. 17, at the Johnson House, 701 First street northwest. Admission at door.

Mrs. Barbara Oliver, of Massachusetts, is in the city, the guest of her sister-in-law, Mrs. H. E. Toppen, of 45 Hanover street northwest. Mrs. Oliver expects to remain in this city all the winter.

Dr. Bennie Brown and the genial Arthur E. Boston were callers at the Bee office this week. Dr. Brown will make a record in dentistry.

Dr. W. T. Vernon left the city Monday for the East.

Mrs. W. T. Vernon is visiting friends in New York. She will be there some time.

Do you want first-class job work done? Call and send for estimates.

Prof. L. B. Moore, Ph. D., Dean of the Teachers' College at Howard University, preached a very eloquent sermon at the Vesper service last Sunday at 4:30 o'clock.

FAIRMOUNT HEIGHTS.

Hon. Charles Stanley, of Laurel;

Hon. R. Hugh Perrie, of Westwood;

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Black unfinished worsteds and all the very newest shades and colors. A perfect fit guaranteed.

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Hon. O. B. Zantinger, of Hyattsville, School Commissioners, and Hon. Frederick Sasser, of Upper Marlboro, the County Superintendent of Prince George County, Md., made a visit to Fairmount Heights Friday morning, Nov. 11, 1910. They were met at the District line by a committee of men, consisting of James F. Armstrong, Robert S. Nichols, C. E. Payne, H. A. Pearson and others.

The Commissioners and the County Superintendent came out to look over the field, with the view of establishing a permanent public school in Fairmount Heights. They were shown the community. They were shown the proposed school site and other points of interest, including the public hall. They were so favorably impressed that we think no trouble will be experienced in securing the so-much-needed improvements.

The public school, as has been stated, will be opened to-day under the management of the newly-appointed Trustees, Robert S. Nichols, Jas. F. Armstrong, Harry A. Pearson and Miss Carrie B. Griffin, the newly-appointed teacher. It is the hope of the Trustees and the teacher that Fairmount Heights will join in this, as she has in all other progressive movements, thereby guaranteeing the school a success from the beginning.

Rev. Howard, Rev. Smith and Rev. Blackwell, the pastors of the Methodist, Presbyterian and Baptist Churches, respectively, are much encouraged at the lively interest shown in all the departments of their churches. Wednesday night there will be an oyster supper at the Methodist Church. Thursday night there

will be an oyster supper at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Mullins for the benefit of the Presbyterian Church. We are glad to see the

EPISCOPAL CHURCH NOTES.

St. Luke's Parish.

Last Monday evening Mr. Nevins Thomas, of the M Street High School, addressed the men's club of St. Luke's parish, in the parish hall.

The speaker's subject was "Observations from his trip to Europe." The address was instructive, comprehensive, and well received by the entire audience present, embracing men and women.

The speaker was the recipient of hearty applause at the conclusion of his address. Refreshments were served by the steward of the club.

The Funding Debt Association met last Wednesday evening after the regular service. Over \$200 were paid into the fund by the several groups.

HOWARD THEATRE

T st. near 7th, N.W.

The Theatre for the People

Week of Nov. 21

MATINEES: THURSDAY AND SATURDAY

Big Superb Production

NEIL TWONEY'S

ST. ELMO

A Metropolitan Cast
great play with a great moral
favored Scriber Romance

No Advance in Prices

15, 25, 35, & 50 Cents

NEXT WEEK CLARA TURNER IN
ANITA, THE RINGING GIRL

The Return Engagement of
THE FAMOUS JUVENILE TROUBADOURS

of Baltimore, Md.

Under the direction of MR. J. ELLSWORTH TOOMEY
True Reformers Hall Friday Nov. 25, 1910

Presenting their phenomenal success and musical frivolity

"OUR NAVY"

The LYRIC Orchestra will furnish music for dancing immediately after the performance

Cards of Admission

35 Cents

Reserved Coupon Seats

50 Cents

To be had of Mr. Everett Lane, of H. U. and patronesses

Ford Dabney's Theatre 9th and You Sts., N. W. for the mighty onslaught of the boys from the Capital City by a score of 21 to 0. The home boys were confident of victory, and had advertised a championship game, but the laurels remained at home. The game was always Howard's, and their goal was never threatened.

Scored Until the Last Quarter.

Before three minutes of play, Gray, a part of that machine in the backfield, had carried the oval over for a touchdown. Anxiety seized upon the loyal Shawites, but Terry "the Terrible" added three more in the next two quarters and kicked one goal, piling up 21 points. Howard's goal was never in danger, although Coach Marshall put five subs in the game.

Sam Jones, the mainspring of the home team, could not come back. His boys were unable to make a first down through the line, while the visitors constantly downed him in his tracks. Capt. Cheek and Joe Brown deserve special mention, on account of their hard playing, but they were helpless before 11 warriors such as faced them. Capt. Allen marshaled his men well, and Brice, the little quarter, played his first game with the champs behind. His work won him many friends, even among his opponents. Gray's stiff arm and defensive work was spectacular, while Terry's punting and line plowing were first rate.

HOWARD THEATER

Under New Management—Policy of House the Same.

The Howard Theater will be under new management beginning Monday, November 21. Mr. Faulkner will be the new manager, and Mr. F. A. Rice is treasurer. Nothing but white shows will be presented to the public, and the policy of the house will be the same. All the best shows on the road will be presented at the theater under new management.

At Ford Dabney's.

Ford Dabney's theater is one of the best up-to-date motion picture theaters and polite vaudeville shows in the city. His attractions are first-class in every particular. If you want to enjoy an hour of pleasure for ten cents and entertained by all first-class artists, go to Ford Dabney's, 7th and U streets northwest.

Dr. A. F. Cox, M. D.

One of the most progressive men in this country and a physician of ability, is Dr. A. F. Cox, M. D., of Chicago, Ill. He is the sole manager

THE KEY OF TEBALDO

Curious Messenger of Death Invented by an Italian.

TRAGIC LEGEND OF VENICE.

Unique Weapon With Which the Man of Mystery and Murder Sought to Slay His Way to the Hand of the Woman He Loved.

The chronicles of Venice tell that in the earlier part of the seventeenth century a certain stranger, a man of dark and sinister aspect, arrived in the city. His name was Tebaldo. He appears to have been a man of unruly passions, of great intellectual power, but one whose talents found their chief outlet in crime.

One day he observed a beautiful girl leaving church, attended in a manner which showed she belonged to a family of high degree. She was, in fact, the daughter of an ancient and noble house. He fell violently in love with her. Though far removed from him in station, his blind passion took no count of this fact, and he determined to sue for her hand.

There proved to be, however, a more insuperable obstacle to his suit. The girl was already betrothed to another, a young nobleman of almost equal rank and fortune. The knowledge did not deter Tebaldo, who boldly presented himself before the girl's parents in the capacity of a suitor for her hand. As might have been expected, he met with a curt and unceremonious rebuff.

The repulse rankled in his mind. Enraged beyond measure, he shut himself up in his own house and there secretly studied a means of revenge. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented a most formidable and death-dealing weapon. This was a large key, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned at will. When it was thus turned a secret spring was disclosed, which, on being pressed, launched from the key head a fine needle or lancet. The latter was of such delicate construction that it penetrated the body of the victim and buried itself deep in the flesh without leaving any external trace.

The marriage of the betrothed couple was fixed to take place in the principal church in Venice on a certain day. Before the ceremony Tebaldo, runnily disguised, stationed himself at the church door armed with his diabolical weapon. As the bridegroom was about to enter the building the concealed watcher pressed the spring and sent the deadly steel lancet into the breast of his victim. The young nobleman had no suspicion of injury at the moment. In the midst of the ceremony, however, he was seized with sharp spasms of pain and sank fainting on the steps of the altar. He was hurriedly conveyed to his home, where the leading Venice physicians were summoned to attend him. In spite of their unremitting efforts he sank and died, nor were they able to discover the nature of the mysterious and fatal seizure.

With the removal of his rival, Tebaldo once more presented himself before the girl's parents and renewed his request for her hand. Their refusal to listen to him sealed their doom. In what manner he accomplished it is not known, but within a few days both had been done to death in the same sudden and mysterious fashion.

The exalted rank of the victims created a profound sensation, and when, on examination of the bodies, a fine steel instrument was found in the flesh terror became universal. The citizens feared for their lives. The utmost vigilance was exercised on the part of the authorities, but as yet no suspicion fell upon Tebaldo.

The bereaved girl retired to a convent, where she passed the first months of mourning in sorrowful seclusion. Tebaldo, however, sought her out in her retreat and begged to speak to her through the grating.

His dark, evil face had always been displeasing to her, but since the death of her betrothed and parents it had become repulsive. When, therefore, in the course of the interview he pressed her to fly with him he met with an instant and indignant refusal. Her scorn stung him to the quick. Beside himself with rage, he brought his deadly weapon once more into play and succeeded in wounding the girl through the grating, the obscurity of the place preventing his action from being observed.

On her return to her room the girl felt a sharp pain in her breast. Examination of the spot showed that it was dotted with a single drop of blood. Physicians were hastily summoned. Taught by past experience, they wasted no time in vain conjecture, but cut into the flesh and extracted the slender steel, thus saving the girl's life.

The dastardly attempt occasioned a public outcry. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent became known and caused suspicion to turn upon him. The emissaries of the law descended suddenly upon him; his house was searched, and there the abominable invention was discovered. Swift justice followed, and he ended his days upon the scaffold.

The key is still preserved in the arsenal at Venice.—Chambers' Journal.

Lovers' Quarrel.
Nell—A lovers' quarrel always reminds me of a crazy quilt. Belle—How's that? Nell—Always patched up.—Philadelphia Record.

Fortune is ever seen accompanying industry.—Goldsmith.

WOMEN ARE WOMEN.

A Rather Roundabout Way to Prove the Proposition—But Does This Prove It?

Men say women are angels; women say women are cats. Let us pause a moment and reason upon this thing.

If women are angels—however, that does not seem to be the proper starting point. Let us try again.

If angels are cats—but, no; that is hardly reasonable, for angels have wings, and cats do not fly. We must begin again.

If women are cats—but that isn't possible, for cats do not talk, and how could a dumb animal express an opinion in words of a woman? Whatever cats may think, they never say a word about a woman, while women—well, women are not cats.

Now let us return to the first proposition.

If women are angels, they wouldn't say women are cats. Angels don't talk that way.

Once upon a time a man married a woman. He said she was an angel; the woman said she was a cat. Happy man, not to know the difference between an angel and a cat!

Men say women are angels, and by this token women say angels are cats. Therefore, angels being cats, cats must be angels, and, both being the same, women are women.

Which is precisely what they are.—W. J. Lampton in Lippincott's.

NEW MEXICO.

How That Portion of Northern New Spain Got Its Name.

The country now called Mexico was not so called till 1810, when the revolt against Spain began. Up to independence the country was called New Spain and was divided into the same number of provinces as Spain, each with a name of a province in Spain, with the prefix of "new," but New Mexico was not included in this division. It got its name in this way:

In 1561 Francisco Ibarra was in charge of an expedition of exploration into what is now northern Durango and southern Chihuahua and discovered an Indian village near where Santa Barbara now stands in which the houses were whitewashed and the people made and wore cotton cloth, raising the cotton in the neighborhood. He wrote an account of his discovery to his brother in the City of Mexico, telling him he had discovered "una nueva Mexico," a new Mexico, another Mexico, meaning that he had found another town like the City of Mexico, and thereafter all this portion of northern New Spain was known as "Nueva Mexico"—that is, New Mexico—which name it has retained, though now much reduced in extent.—Las Vegas Optic.

Muskats For Meat.

Of all animals that supply meat to man the muskrat has been the most abused and the least understood, says the Baltimore Star. Its name has bred in the public mind a prejudice that has been almost unconquerable, but truth will prevail in spite of fate. As a fact the muskrat is one of the neatest and most delightful of animals. It is a crank in cleanliness. It dines with the care of an epicure. It eats only the whitest and tenderest morsels. And its flesh has qualities that can be compared only to terrapin. Indeed, there are good people along the Chesapeake, where all the best things live and grow, who find in the well served muskrat satisfaction that is equal to the diamondback. Only the ignorant and the prejudiced think differently, and they may be educated.

Ripening Bananas.

It is a familiar fact that bananas are imported green, but it came as a new thing to a visitor to the banana district in Colombia to find that bananas are not permitted to ripen on the plant even down there. They are cut and set to hang somewhere until they are ripe, as the phrase is. Bananas do not have to be yellow to be ripe. That is only the color of the skin when it has dried up. To the person who is accustomed to eating bananas only when they are yellow, it seems odd to peel them when they are green and find that they are perfectly ripe within and fit to eat.—New York Sun.

The Prisoner's Rest.

It is a prison chaplain's duty to give a departing prisoner good advice and to exhort him to be a decent and honorable man in the future in the course of one of these interviews a chaplain said, "Now, my friend, I hope you'll never have to come back to a place like this."

The prisoner looked at him thoughtfully and then asked, "I say, chaplain, you draw a salary here, don't you?" When the chaplain replied in the affirmative the prisoner remarked, "Well, say, if me and the other fellows didn't keep coming back you'd be out of a job."

Didn't Need a Doctor.

"Let me kiss those tears away!" he begged tenderly. She fell in his arms, and he was busy for the next few minutes. And yet the tears flowed on. "Are you suffering? Can nothing stop them?" he asked, breathlessly and.

"No," she murmured. "It's only a cold, you know. But go on with the treatment."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Cheering Her.

Macdougal (to his new fourth wife)—The moonlight doesn't approve of my marryin' again an' see young a wife too! But, as I tell 'em, I canna be ave burlin', burlin'—Punch.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—Beecher.

Nature is lavish in the production of everything but great men.—Hubbard.

A LEGEND OF MEXICO

The Mermaid Malinche and Her Haunted Springs.

LURE OF THE WATER SPRITE.

To See This Fabled Custodian of the Royal Jewels of the Ancient Aztecs Is to Die and Help the Siren Guard the Hidden Treasures.

Malinche, or Malintze, as some of the old Mexican writers spell it, is the water sprite, the mermaid, who lives in two famous springs in Mexico that are said to be connected by natural underground waterways.

She is invisible to all except those who never return to tell the tale, yet it is easy to see her, they say.

In the daytime Malinche lives in the little spring bed pool just within the iron gates of Chapultepec. Here she is a sweet spirit, always wooing the passerby with the music of her gentle voice.

At nighttime she is miles away, and her voice is wicked and mournful. It will add interest to this legend of the Malinche if the traveler when he starts out to visit Chapultepec for the first time will pause at the Cuauhtemoc statue in the second gloriety of the Paseo and take a long look at it, not only because it is a noble work of art, but because this Indian hero was the last ruler of his race, the Aztecs, and in the final struggle called Malinche to his aid.

A bronze relief in the base of the pedestal on which the statue stands shows the chief being tortured to compel him to reveal the hiding place of the wealth of his kingdom. Cuauhtemoc's stoical bearing rebukes the complainings of his comrade, whose feet are also roasting over the slow fire in the brasero beneath them, and when he at last cries out in anguish Cuauhtemoc reproves him. "For shame, faint heart. Do you think I am taking my pleasure in my bath that you appeal to me?"

The magnificent old cypress trees that surround the rock of Chapultepec on a slightly lower level than the spring were old before the conquest, and among them Cuauhtemoc and his plumed and painted warriors guided their canoes to the enchanted spring when they came to quench their battle thirst. Protected by these brave old trees, Cuauhtemoc climbed the rocks and from the heights watched the maneuvers of his enemies on the lakes. Close by the storied spring stands the monarch of them all, Montezuma's tree. It is awe inspiring to follow with the eye its rugged bole up over the growth of centuries and try to measure with the mind the history that has been enacted beneath its waving boughs. Perhaps the magic spring at its feet caused it to grow higher and more majestic than its fellows. Here in its shade Montezuma sat and wept when he foreseen his downfall. Here Cuauhtemoc vowed that if he could not overcome the Spaniard he would give the Aztec treasure to Malinche.

She overheard him make this vow and whispered from the fringed brink of the mirroring water that she would receive the trust at the spring of Atzcapotzalco, three or four miles away. This town, whose name looks so unpronounceable to the strangers, but sounds so smooth when uttered by a Mexican, has a little suburb, Zancarpina, that has been made famous by Malinche's spring. It is here that Malinche loses the sweet nature by which she is known at Chapultepec and becomes a wicked spirit. The legend relates that she grew savage because she was set to guard the treasure that Cuauhtemoc secretly conveyed to her when the hour of despair had arrived for his people, though another tradition says that he selected that hiding place because of her wild and brave spirit.

However that may be, it was there that he carried the royal jewels of the Aztecs and much gold and silver when he knew that he was about to be defeated by Cortes. Calling up the Malinche, he gave all into her keeping and then went to his doom. Down deep into the hidden grooves of her home Malinche dragged the hoarded treasures.

Long passageways connect these chambers and by many tortuous windings reach either spring. The walls of rock crystal and chalcedony have been polished and worn into fantastic shapes by the running water. There are long, narrow shelves on which the treasure is strewed and glittering statuettes that catch long strings of pearls and emeralds and hold them swaying in the winds of the caves.

Glowworms and electric fishes light the fairy scene, and the water makes constant music, but the Malinche is not happy. If you go near the pool at Zancarpina you will hear her voice lamenting, and often in the nighttime it may be heard afar off. If the unwary traveler pauses to listen he will hear cries of distress and anger and sad moanings that attract him to their relief. He will come nearer and nearer to the spring and, bending down that his ear may be close, he will hear troubled waters rushing among hidden rocks. When his face is above the pool a pair of white arms will rise up out of the water and clasp him about the neck. He is never seen again. He has gone to help the siren guard the treasure of Cuauhtemoc.—Mary Worral Hudson in McIlvan's Herald.

At His Own Risk.

Callier (ou crutches and with a bandage over one eye)—I have come, sir, to make application for the amount due on my accident insurance policy. I fell down a long flight of stairs the other evening and sustained damages that will disable me for a month to come.

Manager of Company—Young man, I have taken the trouble to investigate your case, and I find you are not entitled to anything. It could not be called an accident. You certainly knew the young lady's father was at home.

At an Old Saw Strikes a Nail.

Mr. Scrappington (musingly)—As Lincoln said, a man may fool some of the people all the time and all the people some of the time.—Mrs. Scrappington (briskly)—But you can't fool me any of the time!—Puck.

Didn't Take the Bait.

Miss Arlente (insinuatingly)—I dislike my name; it's horrid. Mr. Fly (absently)—I fear it's too late to change it now.

Thick silence.—Pittsburg Press.

Pretty Unpopular.

Wigg—Jones doesn't seem to be very popular. Wigg—I should say not. Why that fellow is so unpopular he couldn't even get a job as a bill collector.—Philadelphia Record.

Children have more need of models than of critics.—Joubert.

HOLY GROANING.

The Sins of Worldly Pleasures in the Seventeenth Century Included Laughing and Even Smiling.

Buckle gives a graphic picture of the attitude of the Kirk of Scotland to worldly pleasures during the seventeenth century. Cheerfulness, especially when it rose to laughter, was to be guarded against. Smiling might occasionally be allowed; still, being a carnal pastime, it was a sin to smile on Sunday. No husband should kiss his wife and no mother her child on the Sabbath day. Jesting was incompatible with a holy and serious life. The ministers were given much to weeping, groaning and lamentations. One, the Rev. Alexander Dunlop, was noted for his "holy groan."

To engage in the frivolous art of writing poems was condemned. Men should not disport themselves with music; dancing was a "serious sin," joyousness even at a christening was a scandal. One should speak and walk with gravity and solemnity; he should not enjoy his dinner; only the ungodly relished food.

The great object of life was to be in a state of affliction. Whatever pleased the senses was to be suspected. Whatever was natural was wrong. The churchmen grew sour in countenance, harsh in voice. Joy and love disappeared or were forced to hide in obscure corners.

MAN MONEY.

The Old Teutonic Law on Killing or Injuring Others.

The system of stoning for death or bodily injuries inflicted on others by paying damages is as old as the earliest Teutonic laws, praised by Tacitus.

The trespasser was always required to make peace with the aggrieved family of the victim by "Wer-Geld."

"Wer" is the ancient German for man. "Geld" now, as in the days of Wotan, means money.

Damages were assessed in accordance with the rank and wealth of the injured party, and the money was paid over in the presence of the whole community, its acceptance forestalling feuds. Indeed, the recognition of Wer-Geld ("money for the man" killed) by law precluded further bloodshed or other forms of revenge.

If the slayer was not rich enough to pay the required sum, he was turned over to the injured parties his sons as slaves.

If his sons were not sufficient guarantee for the payment of the debt, the slayer himself had to turn bondsman, both the letter and the spirit of the law requiring that the full amount of damage inflicted be recovered by the aggrieved parties.—New York World.

Fulfilling His Agreement.

Having become tired of living in rented houses, Mr. Gwimble had bought a home of his own. Not having enough money to pay for it outright he had made a cash payment of \$1,000 and given a trust deed on the property for the remainder. One night, not long after he had taken possession of his new home, Mrs. Gwimble roused him from a deep sleep.

"Gerald," she said, "somebody is trying to get into the house!"

Mr. Gwimble crawled out of bed and started downstairs.

"What are you going to do?" she asked him.

"I'm going to let him in," he answered, half awake.

"To let him in! Who?"

"The man that holds the trust deed on this property," he mumbled. "The document I signed binds me to admit him to the premises at any hour of the day."—Youth's Companion.

Too Much For His Mind.

"My first impulses," wailed the sad-eyed individual, "are invariably good in fact, I think that I may venture without fear of undue exaggeration to say that they are very good. But I never act on them. I always act on second thoughts. This trait in my character has ruined my career, because my second thoughts are always bad. In fact, I think I may say without fear of misrepresentation that they're punk."

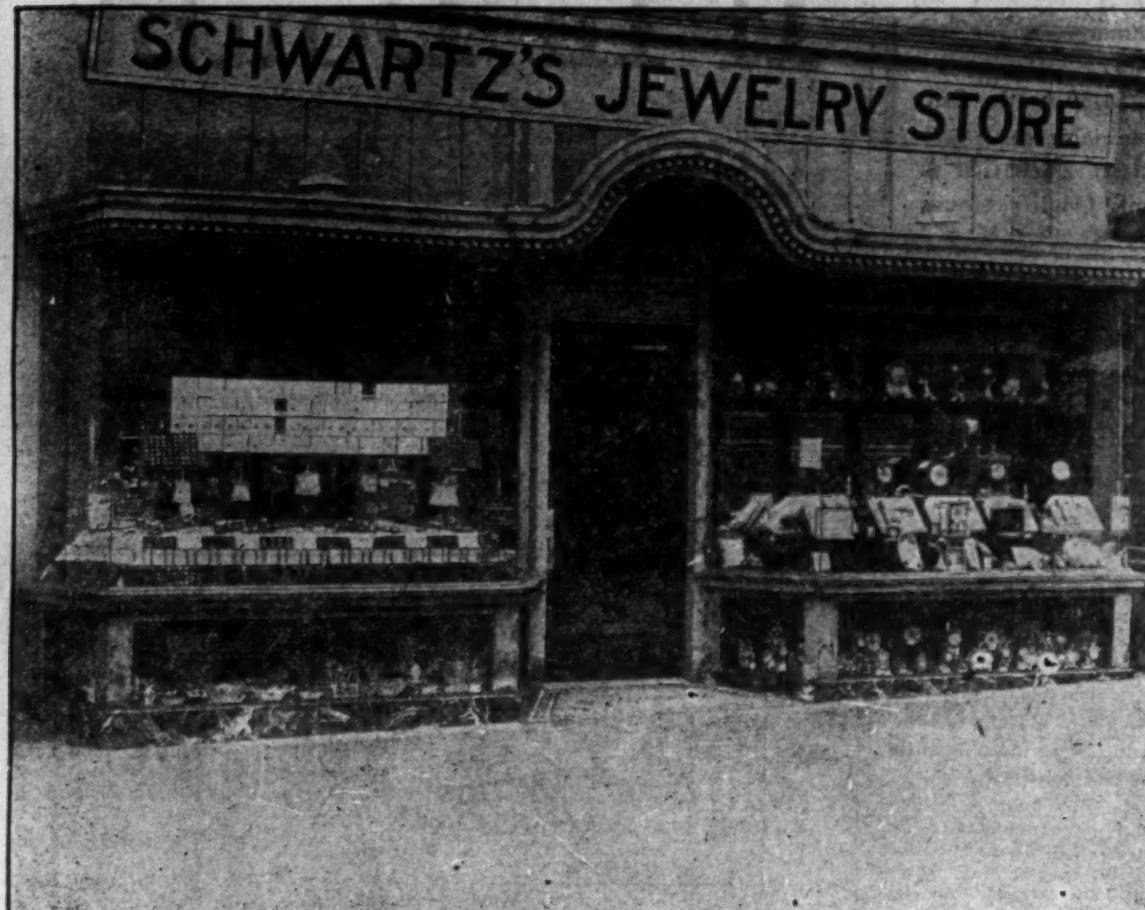
"Well," suggested he who was ill-tempered, "why don't you wait until third thoughts and act on them?"

Mournfully, despondently, the sad-eyed individual shook his head.

"My dear sir," he groaned, "I never had three successive thoughts about anything in my life."—Exchange.

At His Own Risk.

Callier (ou



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A FIRE IN JAPAN.

The Victim Has Other Troubles Besides Loss of Goods, Says American Missionary.

An American missionary living in Japan recently lost his dwelling by fire. He described in an amusing way the polite condolences which his neighbors showered upon him. "We were delighted with visiting cards," he says. "They were forced into our hands by sympathetic inquirers, friends offering aid and tradesmen soliciting orders. The conversation with each comer was somewhat as follows: 'You have indeed had an honorable disaster,' says the friend. 'I have humbly caused a great disturbance,' I reply. 'Please honorably excuse me.' Indeed, it is honorably sad for you,' the friend answers. 'I have done an unheard of thing,' I say. 'I am overcome that you should have come to call on me on purpose. Thank you very much.' 'Please honorably excuse me for being so late in coming,' says the friend. The energy required for such a conversation can be imagined by accompanying each sentence with a low bow and repeating the process about fifty times.

"About 10 o'clock we two foreigners escaped to face our next duty, which consisted in apologizing to all the houses in our section—about fifty. It was nearly 12 o'clock at night when our apology tour was completed, but our last visitor called at 2 o'clock in the morning. Callers began coming again at 6 o'clock and kept on coming steadily. During the day we received many visitors and paid twenty-eight or more calls. The strain of this, together with our other tasks, including the receiving of the stream of visitors, which lasted a whole week, is better imagined than described.

"All day after the fire and for three days more people from all over Gifu and from out-stations kept bringing sympathy from their families and presents of cakes and fruit and other articles. We can never repay all the kindness we received."—Chicago News.

Before he made his reputation by writing plays Victorien Sardou, the French dramatist, who was deeply interested in spiritualism, had a remarkable experience in taking dictation. He had been interested in occult phenomena, and by chance he came into communication with a spirit personality who signed himself "Bernard Palissy." M. Sardou told the story of his experiments in an article entitled "Only the Blindly Ignorant Scoff" in the *Delineator*. He said:

"One day in my room with two friends I thought I would make the little table where we had taken our coffee run about the room, as I had often done when alone. Without saying anything I put my hand on the table, but it would not budge. I tried in vain all the time they were there to make it move, but to no avail. As soon as they were gone I could make it do what I pleased, even jump clear off the door. So I took up my pencil and asked, 'But why would you not make the table move while my friends were here?' The hand which held the pencil wrote, 'They were too stupid.' Shortly after this I was sitting by my table one day idling, dreaming, not making any effort to do anything in particular. All of a sudden my hand began to work on the paper before me with a rapidity and precision which astonished me. And it kept this up for close to two hours. The result was a fantastic piece of work drawn in delicate lines, fine almost as a spider's web, and at the bottom a signature—'Bernard Palissy.' 'What is it?' I asked.

And my automatic hand wrote, 'The house of Swedenborg, on the planet Jupiter.' This was considered as most curious by all my friends, who knew that personally I had no aptitude for drawing. A plate was prepared, and I was given an etching tool. The result, in the same order of design, was a more elaborate piece of work, this time curiously combined out of all sorts of musical terms, clefs, notes, bars, and so on, and the whole was designated as the house of Mozart, also on Jupiter, and the whole was again signed "Palissy." In fact, Bernard Palissy became my almost constant companion from this on, like my second self.

The engineers began at the head of the stream and built out from the old shore to the location of the red line transverse dikes, ground sills—ordinary contraction works. Sometimes where they seemed to be needed they built long parallel dikes exactly on the new red line. Sometimes they wove hurdles and revetment mattresses of willow brush, much as we do at home, and sunk them on bars between the tips of the transverse dikes, and then on the top of them set up upright sticks and wove "wattle" or basket fences of willow through them to make pens, and into these piled sand dredged from the stream, to build up the shore. Mile by mile they advanced, dredging the river or letting it dredge itself, leaving no ends loose to ravel out, gradually reducing the river to an even slope and current.—Boston Transcript.

Mis Dinner Guests.

In a volume published in London, "Piccadilly to Pall Mall," there is this queer anecdote of the vagaries of social life in the capital: Some years ago an eminent personage accepted or suggested a dinner with a certain millionaire, at that time comparatively unknown. The first guest to arrive, having explained to the butler that being unacquainted with his host, he would wait till some one else came who could introduce him, lingered in the hall. The second was in the same predicament, as were the third, fourth, fifth and other guests up to the ninth, who chanced to be "the eminent personage" himself. Upon the dinner being explained to him he cheerfully said: "Oh, come along with me! I will introduce you all. I know him."

AN UNWASHED PRINCE.

The Lesson That Ended His Life
About Morning Bath.

When Emperor William II. was a small boy he had a strong objection to being washed in the morning, and his governess, having had some unpleasant experiences with him and being in some doubt as to what she had better do, appealed to his father, the then Crown Prince Frederick. Frederick answered, "The next time he gives any trouble on this score leave him alone to his own pleasure and report to me."

Naturally it was not long before the young prince refused to go through the purification process, and the governess followed the orders received.

Now, the boy had a little carriage and was very fond of driving out in the morning, and he generally ordered the coachman to go by way of the Brandenburg gate, as it was round and sheltered him to see the soldiers in the barracks, just inside the gate, turn out and present arms as the host to the empire passed their quarters. Accordingly on the morning of his disappearance the order was, as usual, "To the Brandenburg gate," and the carriage rolled rapidly thither. But what was the amazement and the rage of the prince on arriving there to see no soldiers except those on guard, and they took not the slightest notice of him. In a towering passion he ordered the coachman to return to the palace, where, rushing into his father's room, he complained of the indecent behavior of the guard and demanded their condign punishment.

But his father only smiled and said in the gentlest voice: "Poor unshaven prince will find me pleasant!" "An unshaven prince is never welcome,"—*Hansard's Weekly*.

Practical Proof.

"You, my son, I want you to make yourself amiable. I want you to be able to use one hand just as skillfully as you do the other."

"That's me, dad. I can write any boy in my class with either hand."—*New York World*.

The Dear Friends.

Vaudville Dances—When do you go on? Vaudville Singer—Right after the trained acts. Vaudville Dancer—Goodness me! Why don't the manager vary the monotony of his acts?—*Cleveland Leader*.

THE MAN WHO LAUGHS

By the Way He Does It He Gives an Index to His Character.

THE POTENCY OF LAUGHTER.

Shown by the Effective Way in Which Cervantes Smiled Spain's Vain and Foolish Chivalry Away—Men Who Never Laughed and Rarely Smiled.

What an index to character is man's laugh! What surer clew can we have to both his intellect and his temper unless it be that he seldom or never laughs? "Nothing," says Goethe, "is more significant of men's character than what they find laughable." "You know no man," says Tieck, "till you have heard him laugh—till you know when and how he will laugh." "The perception of the ludicrous," says Emerson, "is a pledge of sanity. A rogue alive to the ludicrous is still convertible. If that sense is lost his fellow man can do little for him."

Lavater, the great physiognomist, lays his great stress on the very unequivocal and derisive nature of a laugh as an index of character. If it be free and hearty and occasion a general and light movement in all the features and dimple the cheek and chin, it is an almost infallible evidence of the absence of great material wickedness of disposition. Caesar mistrusted Cassius because that lean and hungry conspirator rarely, if ever, indulged in laughter. When Horace Walpole was in Paris in 1765 he found that laughing was out of fashion in that gay capital. "Good folks," he writes, "they have no time to laugh. There are God and the king to be pulled down first, and men and women, one and all, are devoutly employed in the demolition."

How often a man fails to betray the tiger that lurks within him until he laughs! Is there nothing significant in the fact recorded by Plutarch of Cato the younger that nothing could make him laugh, that his countenance was scarcely softened even by a smile? Is it not a characteristic trait of the gloomy tyrant, Philip II. of Spain, that he rarely smiled and that he laughed but once in his entire life, and that when he heard of the massacre on St. Bartholomew's day? Is it not a suggestive fact regarding the gloomy, taciturn Wallenstein, the terror of the people, at the sight of whom as he paced through his camp with his lofty figure enveloped in a scarlet mantle and with a red feather in his cap a strange horror took possession of the soldiers, that he was never seen to smile? Can we wonder that the poor little dwarf, Alexander Pope, the cynical satirist, afflicted with asthma and dropsy, tortured with rheumatism, racked with headaches and threatened with cataract, should never have laughed, but only smiled?

The engineers began at the head of the stream and built out from the old shore to the location of the red line transverse dikes, ground sills—ordinary contraction works. Sometimes where they seemed to be needed they built long parallel dikes exactly on the new red line. Sometimes they wove hurdles and revetment mattresses of willow brush, much as we do at home, and sunk them on bars between the tips of the transverse dikes, and then on the top of them set up upright sticks and wove "wattle" or basket fences of willow through them to make pens, and into these piled sand dredged from the stream, to build up the shore. Mile by mile they advanced, dredging the river or letting it dredge itself, leaving no ends loose to ravel out, gradually reducing the river to an even slope and current.—Boston Transcript.

Might not a similar remark be made of that "pendulum betwixt a smile and a fear," Abraham Lincoln, in whom sadness and a keen sense of the comic were so strikingly combined? How exuberant was his mirth, sparkling in jest, comic story and anecdote, and yet how often the very next moment those sad, pathetic, melancholy eyes showed a man familiar with "sorrows and acquaintances with grief!"

Who can doubt that but for the merriment in which he indulged—the contagious laughter which welled up from his soul as naturally as bubbles in the springs of St. ratoga—he would have sunk under his weary weight of care long before he fell by the pistol of Booth?

It is indeed statesmen, students and thinkers generally who most need the relaxation afforded by occasional merriment. Some centuries ago it was the fashion in Europe for men of rank to keep a buffoon, and a banquet was considered incomplete where a privileged jester was not an attendant. This was perhaps for those days a wise custom. It is surprising how much a few minutes' sleep will refresh the body and a few minutes' laughter the mind, and many a useful life might be prolonged by the substitution of these remedies for "carking care" and weariness in place of the usual treacherous tonics and stimulants.

What a dismal deduction would be made from the happiness of our homes if they were robbed of their merriment! What pictures of innocent mirth has Goldsmith given in the "Vicar of Wakefield," and how artless the remark of the good Dr. Primrose, "If he had little wit we had plenty of laughter!"

What a power for good and evil is the world's "dread laugh," which scares the firm philosophers can scorn! How many men have been cowed by it who could have faced without flinching a battery's deadly fire! How many bad customs and wicked practices, how many quixotic schemes of philanthropy or reform, how many absurd doctrines in politics, theology and sociology, which have defied the artillery of argument have been "laughed off the public stage," never to return! Did not Cervantes "smile Spain's vain and foolish chivalry away?"—William Matthews in *London Great Thoughts*.

III gotten goods never prosper.—German Proverb.

OBEYED THE DOCTOR.

Did His Best In Keeping a Watch Upon the Patient, but He Practiced Substitution.

The late Dr. Drummond, the habitant poet, once related an amusing anecdote indicative of the simplicity of the rural French Canadian.

He was summering in Megantic county, Que., when, early one evening, he was visited by a young farmer named Ovide Leblanc.

"Bon soir, docteur," said Ovide by way of greeting. "Ma brudder Moise, heen ver' seek. You come on Ihouse for see heem, doc?"

Drummond, always kind hearted and obliging, complied with the request of Ovide and found the unfortunate Moise suffering from what he diagnosed as a fairly severe case of typhoid.

"Wishing to provide Moise with some medicine," said the doctor-poet, "I asked Ovide to accompany me back to the village. The prescription compounded, I proceeded to instruct Ovide. The dose was to be administered every three hours during the night, and, trying to be as brief, plain and explicit as possible, I said: 'Be sure and keep watch on Moise tonight and give him a teaspoonful of this at 9 o'clock, 12 o'clock and at 3 and 6 in the morning. Come and see me about 9 o'clock in the morning.' Ovide understood and departed. The following morning he again presented himself, and Drummond asked: 'How's Moise? Did you do as I told you?'

"Ma brudder Moise, I t'ink he some better dan las' night," replied Ovide. "I give heem de medecine, but I doan have no watch in d'house, doc. I tak d'leettle clock—d'one what mak d'beeg deesturb for get up. I keep eet on heem ches' all night. T'ink eet do heem good dat, jus' lak d'watch. Wat you t'ink, doc?"—*Harper's Weekly*.

THE QUEEN BEE.

Her Household Service the Most Perfect in the World.

"We must go to the bee for the real solution of the servant question," said a housewife. "The queen bee's service is the most perfect in the world. Why, she even has servants who digest her food for her.

"The queen bee is so entirely occupied in egg laying—she lays 2,500 eggs, twice her own weight, daily—that all other things must be done for her.

"And so a corps of servants makes her toilet. This corps all day long cleanse and brushes and polishes her person. It is as though her life were passed divinely in a beautiful parlor.

"Another corps of servants has charge of the air she breathes. The air must be the purest, that her eggs may be the finest. So, standing in a circle about her, fanning with their wings, these bees make a living ventilating system.

"Her most important servants are perhaps her feeders. Their training may be said to begin before birth, since they must be born, from specially molded eggs, with glands in their heads for the reception of bee milk, the chosen predigested food of the queen. The feeders stand always at attention, presenting, like a brimming cup, their head glands, swollen with predigested food, to the queen bee, busy at her task of laying a dozen eggs a minute."—*New Orleans Times-Democrat*.

The English Three R's.

We are constantly being misunderstood by the foreigners, says Clarence Rook, and the Frenchman of whom the following story is told contrived to do us something less than justice.

LEGAL NOTICES

Perrie W. Frisby, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, John C. Proctor, plaintiff, vs. Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, defendant, No. 29631, Equity Doc.

The object of this suit is to obtain a decree declaring the marriage ceremony subsisting between the plaintiff and the defendant a nullity on the ground of fraud.

On motion of the complainant, by his attorney, Perrie W. Frisby, it is this 10th day of October, 1910, ordered that the defendant, Lula Stewart, alias Lula Chambers, alias Lula Proctor, cause her appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided, a copy of this order be published once a week for three successive weeks in the Washington Law Reporter and the Washington Bee.

ASHLEY M. GOULD,
Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. Young, clerk. By R. P. Belew, assistant clerk.

Thomas Walker, Attorney.

In the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, Lewis Hughes et al., plaintiffs, vs. George Hughes, defendant, No. 29413, Equity Doc. No. 64. The object of this suit is the partition by sale of part of Lot Two (2) in Block Seventeen (17), in Hall and Evans' Subdivision of land now known as "Meridian Hill," as per plat recorded respectively, in Liber E. C. E. No. 24, folio 499, of the Land Records of the District of Columbia, and Liber Levy Court No. 2, folio 58, and Liber Governor Shepherd, folios 62 and 63, of the Records of the Office of the Surveyor of said District.

Beginning for the same at the southeast corner of said lot, and running thence west on Erie street fifteen (15) feet; thence north one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the rear line of said lot; thence east on said rear line fifteen (15) feet to the northeast corner of said lot, and thence south on the east line of said lot one hundred and fifty (150) feet to the place of beginning, and the improvements thereon.

On motion of the complainants, it is this 2d day of November, 1910, ordered that the defendant, George Hughes, cause his appearance to be entered herein on or before the fortieth day, exclusive of Sundays and legal holidays, occurring after the day of the first publication of this order; otherwise the cause will be proceeded with as in case of default. Provided a copy of this order be published once a week in the Washington Law Reporter and The Washington Bee before said day.

ASHLEY M. GOULD,
Justice.

A true copy. Test: J. R. Young, Clerk, by F. E. CUNNINGHAM, Assistant Clerk.

L. MELENDEZ KING, ATTORNEY.

Supreme Court of the District of Columbia—Holding Probate Court.

No. 17278, Administration.

This is to give notice that the subscriber of the District of Columbia has obtained from the Probate Court of the District of Columbia, letters testamentary on the estate of Mary Jane Arthur, late of the District of Columbia, deceased. All persons having claims against the deceased are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, legally authenticated, to the subscriber, on or before the 9th day of November, A. D. 1911; otherwise they may be lawfully excluded from all benefits of said estate.

Given under my hand this 9th day of November, 1910, L. Melendez King, 609 F Street northwest.

Attest: James Tanner, Register of Wills of the District of Columbia, Clerk of the Probate Court.

L. MELENDEZ KING, Attorney.

Exchange.

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Beyond all doubt the Howard Stock Company is composed of some of the best singers and actors in this country. Mr. W. H. Smith, the genial manager of the Howard Stock Company, has received a telegram from Mr. Mott, manager of the Pekin theater, engaging the entire company. The Pekin theater is anxious for this talent. Mr. J. Lubrie Hill, who is a song writer and actor, is one of the stars in the company. Mr. Hill is a genial young man and an up-to-date musical composer.

Mr. Will H. Vodery is the musical director, and is considered one of the best musical composers and directors in the United States. He was born in Philadelphia, Pa., and a graduate of the Pennsylvania High School. He has been associated with some of the largest musical combinations in the United States, in which capacity he has displayed marked ability. Mr. Vodery is a very pleasant and agreeable musician. He has an orchestra that is second to none. He will continue, no doubt, with his orchestra.

Mr. Alonzo Goven is also a musical composer and a play writer. He is a quiet and unassuming man, and always plays his part.

Mr. C. L. Minor is a Washingtonian. He is good in any part he takes. He is a singer as well as an actor. Mr. Minor bids fair to become a great comedian. He is a lyric writer as well as a well trained actor. He has demonstrated what he can do. He is a young man of many parts.

Mr. Lew H. Henry and Mr. Lewis Mitchell are also great acquisitions to

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mendation, as he is so well known in churches and all the lodges of the city, where he has buried members.

Mr. Campbell is an up-to-date funeral director, and is known as one of the best in the business. His southwest establishment is one of the best-equipped places in the city.

The newsboys' quintette consists of Woody, Kelly, Ray, Murray and Howard. They are clever dancers and singers. They will also go to the Pekin theater.

Mrs. Benjamin Hutchinson, Cole-
man L. Minor, Arthur Cary and Raley
Gibson take the character of old men.
They all deserve honorable mention
for their excellent singing. They will
be missed at this theater.

Misses Maggie Mullen, Mamie Carter,
Hattie Akers, Mayme Butler, are
well trained dancers and singers.

J. Lubrie Hill, Richard W. Shelton,
Will Brown, Miss Leona Marshall,
Miss Avon Robertson and Miss Mayme Butler are the principal stars in this stock company. Manager Smith and Mrs. Hill had in preparation a grand opera—something new.

It is to be regretted that this talented
stock company will close its engagements
this evening.

An Unprejudiced Verdict.

Men discredit the estimates placed
upon Booker T. Washington in this
country on the ground that they are
prejudiced either for or against him.

It is worth while, therefore, to pre-
sent the measure of this distinguished
Negro taken by Englishmen who
observed him critically while he was in
that country some time ago. One of
them, writing in the London Christian
World, describes how Washington
met a group of London's most cap-
able journalists in his rooms at the
Hotel Cecil, incidentally one of the
finest